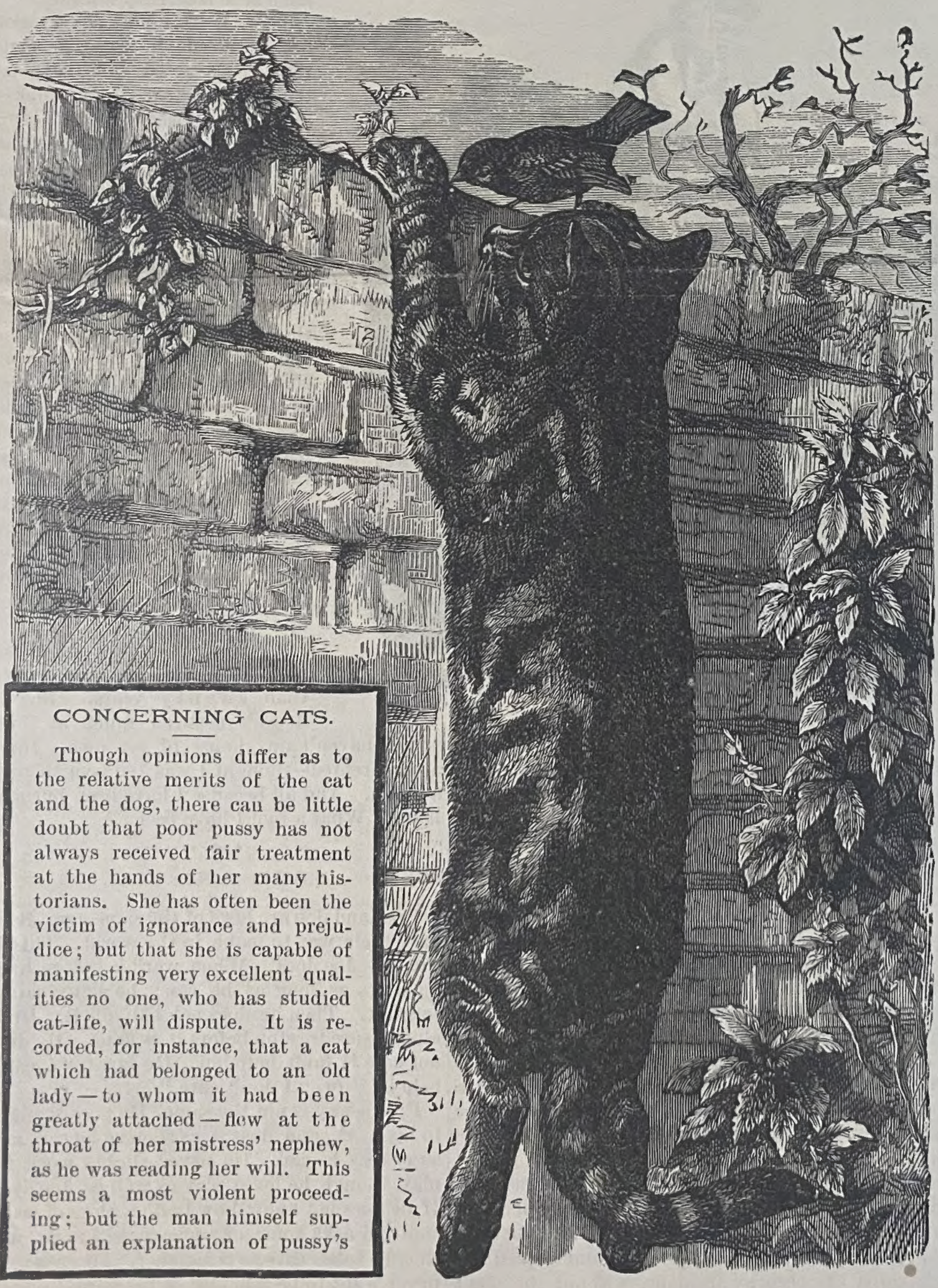
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

VOLUME XXX. JULY 4, 1886. NUMBER 13.



CONCERNING CATS.

Though opinions differ as to the relative merits of the cat and the dog, there can be little doubt that poor pussy has not always received fair treatment at the hands of her many historians. She has often been the victim of ignorance and prejudice; but that she is capable of manifesting very excellent qualities no one, who has studied cat-life, will dispute. It is recorded, for instance, that a cat which had belonged to an old lady—to whom it had been greatly attached—flew at the throat of her mistress' nephew, as he was reading her will. This seems a most violent proceeding; but the man himself supplied an explanation of pussy's conduct when he confessed, on his death-bed, eighteen months later, that he killed his aunt for the sake of her money. Other cases might be mentioned where murderers have been detected by the peculiar manner of cats when in their presence. Take as an example of the result of careful training, the familiar "happy family" of the streets. Here you find a cat associated with animals of which, in a state of nature, it is the determined foe.

Cats have often been used as foster-mothers. Gilbert White, of Selborne, alludes to two remarkable cases, in one of which a leveret was reared by a cat whose kittens had disappeared in the usual way; while, in the other, three young squirrels were nursed by a pussy that grew very fond of her strange charge. So many folk went to see this singular sight that the cat became anxious for the safety of the squirrels, and hid them over the ceiling, where one unfortunately died. These instances could easily be multiplied, and it would probably be difficult to quote them in favor of any other animal.

Of course you all know that cats are very cunning and very clever. This, nobody can deny. That was a remarkably shrewd puss which, having observed cook frequently summoned away by the bell just before serving dinner, latterly also rang the bell, and while cook was vainly answering it, abstracted a portion of the dinner—some tit-bit, you may be sure—and vanished through the kitchen window, ere the puzzled servant returned. Cats undoubtedly steal; that is one very bad habit of which it may be doubted whether they are really ever completely broken. Still, their motives for the robbery are sometimes misunderstood. There was one cat which always purloined a piece of beef whenever it had the chance; and, of course, it was credited with eating it. Most cats, I dare say, would not have scrupled to do so; but this Tom was a rat-catcher, and employed the beef in pursuit of his vocation, as was soon discovered when a watch had been placed upon his movements. Having seized the piece of beef, it was seen to take it into the courtyard, lay it down near a hole, and then hide

itself. Presently a rat popped out of the hole, spied the beef, congratulated itself, doubtless, upon its good fortune in securing a dainty dish without any trouble or risk, and was dragging it homewards, when out pounced cat, and up went rat.

Cats, as a rule, are by no means fond of water; but there are instances of their being trained to catch fish, by actually diving into the sea and fetching up the finny prey alive in their mouths, and then taking them to their masters. Their cunning is seen at its very best when they are hunting; and it is a curious thing that the resources of their cleverness and skill seem to respond to the difficulties of the situation in which they find themselves placed. In short, put a cat upon its mettle, and it will generally give a very good account of itself; or, should it fail, there will be a feasible reason for its want of success. For an instance of much shrewdness in its capture of birds, take the following example, which is well authenticated. An aged tree, standing close to a garden wall, was largely resorted to by birds, which spent a very joyous time flitting in and out among its branches, or hopping on the wall. Now, the cat of the house saw that the birds were fair to look upon and good to eat; and it resolved to compass their death. So it would creep stealthily along the wall; but every time it came within springing distance the dickies flew away. The cat, accordingly, altered its tactics. It suspended itself by its fore paws from the top of the wall, and hung as though it were dead. Every now and then it slowly drew itself up till its eyes were on a level with the wall, when it took a hurried glance to see whether any poor bird was within reach; and when such was the case—as unfortunately sometimes happened—it grabbed the "feathered songster" before it could realize its danger. One day a bird alighted by chance between the paws of the pussy; but both were so astounded at so unusual a position that for several seconds neither moved. At last the cat raised a paw to strike; but the action at once recalled the bird to its senses, and it flew off; while pussy, losing its balance, fell sprawling on the ground. This anecdote is, as we have said, a literal fact; but as showing the apparent truthfulness of fable, it may be mentioned that Æsop, in one of his famous stories, makes a cat suspend itself from a peg in the wall in a very similar way, with a view to delude the mice.

CAN SHEPHERDS' DOGS COUNT?

The really wonderful feats which shepherds' dogs do in the way of tending sheep seem to show that they are capable of counting numbers, at least, to a certain amount. A case is recorded of a collie which brought sheep in batches of ten to the washing-trough without any instruction, going off for a fresh lot whenever he saw only three in the pen. Again, flocks have been gathered together from an area of several square miles, without a single sheep being missed. At times, too, a shepherd will tell his dog to fetch only a certain number from a flock, and the animal will drive in exactly the number wanted. Thus these dogs have more sense than some savage races, who can hardly count at all.

RIDING THE HORSE TO WATER.

The farmer has been hard at work all the morning. Now he has had his dinner, and is ready to go back to the plough.

But first, he must take the old horse down to the brook, and give him some water. Here is a chance for Johnny to have a ride.

"Jump up, little Johnny!" says the farmer, giving him a lift. Up goes Johnny. There he is now, on the horse's back.

Then the farmer takes the horse by the bridle, and leads him slowly down to the brook. How cool and clear the water looks! Now he shall drink his fill.

But first, the farmer takes the bits out of the horse's mouth. Now the horse can drink with a good relish.

What, is he going to drink all the water there is in the brook? Johnny begins to think so. But soon he lifts his head, and takes a long breath. He has had enough.

A FISH-EATING PLANT.

The common bladderwort found in ponds and stagnant pools all over England looks a harmless enough weed. It is only about twelve inches long, and its leaves are just like hairs. Yet it feeds on insects and fishes. Among its branches will be seen a number of small green bladders, from which the plant gets its name. These bladders have each a door that opens inwards only, and into these doors fresh-water shrimps and insects go as unsuspectingly as a fly into a spider's parlor. But they never come out again, for they are held by the hairy coating of the bladder, and become the weed's food. It was at first supposed that the creatures thus imprisoned entered the trap by accident, without the plant trying to catch them. But there is now very little doubt that the bladder doors open whenever prey approaches near enough to them, and that a distinct attempt is made to seize it. Prof. Mozley, of Oxford, has seen the bladders with baby roaches caught in these snares, some by the head, and others by the tail. As the bladder is hardly as large as a garden poppy seed, it is obvious that its victims must be in the very earliest stage of infancy.

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house property?"

"No, Smith; where was it?"

"Quite near here."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire happen?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it going himself."

"How silly! Did you say it is all burned out too?"

"Yes; all gone."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire."

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention; it burned a long time—more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about twenty-five dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I can't understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled in the bowl of a pipe, and on the end of a cigar. His smoking cost him, he himself told me, over two dollars per month. The money was worth to him at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than twenty-five hundred dollars. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I suppose you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

FRED AND JOE.

Fred and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does: When work is before him, he waits as long as he can; he hates so to touch it. Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says: "I can't help it;" or, "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can, and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know; and then he takes care to remember. He says: "I never want to be ashamed of my work."

HUNTING THE CHAMOIS.

M. E. BRADLEY.

This little animal is a species of deer, or goat, and is chiefly found in Switzerland. He makes his home in the Alpine Mountains, and jumps from one rocky height to another with flying leaps, that seem wonderful in a creature without wings.

He has need of all his agility; for his life is in frequent danger from his enemies, the hunters, who follow after him continually, even at the risk of their own lives. There is no sport more exciting than chasing the chamois; for he knows all the nooks and hiding places of the mountains, and he can leap over deep gorges, and scamper up and down precipices where a man would be dashed to pieces if he tried to follow. The chamois hunter must have a quick eye, a steady foot, and a fearless heart, when he goes in pursuit of this game; and even then he often loses his life in some dangerous place.

Nevertheless the hunting parties roam over the mountains continually, for the chamois is a prize that pays for their trouble. His flesh, his skin, his hair and horns and hoofs, are all valuable; and the skin, especially, is greatly used. It is tanned and dressed into a very soft and fine leather, which is useful for many purposes. We wash our windows, and polish our silver and brasses, with pieces of chamois leather. We also wear gloves made of it; and the people of those mountain regions make it up into jackets, and breeches, and other garments. The Swiss peasants do a great deal of wood carving; and they make many pretty little things of the horn and hide of this mountain goat. Travelers in Switzerland bring home paper knives, whose blade is made of the polished horn, and whose handle, covered with the hairy skin, is made to imitate the chamois leg and hoof. Pen-holders are made in the same way, with tiny little horns to finish the handle; and a wooden tray, upon which his head is carved in relief, holds them both, and makes a charming gift for a friend at home.

You may have many friends, but you have none so kind, so ready, so able to help you as the Lord Jesus.

EMILY'S WISH.

"I wish, I wish, I wish!" cried a little girl. "I wish so much. I wish I had curly hair; I wish I had a pony; I wish I had as much money as I wanted. I wish —I wish— Now, what would you wish for first, Emily, just suppose wishes could come to pass?" turning to her cousin, who sat quietly sewing patchwork. "Think, now; suppose wishes could come to pass, what would yours be?"

Emily turned up her sweet, serious face, and answered: "A clean heart."

Oh, what a wish was that! "A clean heart"—a heart renewed by the Holy Spirit —a friendly, obedient, grateful heart—a heart fearing God, full of tenderness, meekness, and love! What a precious wish was Emily's; and the best of it all is, that while curly hair, or ponies, or money, or any of this class of wishes, may be quite beyond your grasp, Emily's wish, which is ten thousand times more valuable, is within your reach; you may have it, Emily can have it, and all children who truly wish for it may become the happy possessors of a "clean heart." Our gracious Lord can alone bestow this gift; and he does it, if we trust in him, and seek his mercy. "Ask, and ye shall receive." How encouraging is this! Will not Emily take courage, and try to get her wish? Are there not many, many other little girls who feel the same wish, though they never expressed it. Remember, that of all desirable things, there is nothing greater or better than this, "a clean heart," or, as the Scripture again speaks of it, "a new heart." Let it be your chief wish, and not your wish only, but your chief, first desire above all things else, to obtain it. Let your sincere, humble, and earnest prayer be: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

"I WILL GO HOME."

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools in town, went in the country last summer to spend his holidays at a farm-house—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man: "Well, I have made up my mind I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said: "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy; "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said: "If you will stay I won't swear." He kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.

THY MERCIES HAVE NO DATE.

When you write a letter you put a date to it, which shows the day, and month, and year, when it was written. If you know the date of a man's birth, and the date of his death, you can take the one from the other, and then you can tell exactly how long he lived in this world of ours. But God's mercies "have no date." You cannot fix a time when they began, for they are "from everlasting." You cannot fix a time when they will end, for they are "to everlasting." They are like God himself, "from everlasting to everlasting." He was a God of Love in all eternity past, and he will be a God of Love throughout all eternity to come.

Have you any share in his mercy? Then you may rejoice and give thanks, because "his mercy endureth forever."

THE STRAWBERRY.

When the strawberry comes, we think summer has come; for it takes warm sunshine and pleasant days to ripen the luscious red fruit upon the vines, and sweeten its somewhat acid juices enough to suit the taste.

The cultivation of the strawberry has become quite an extensive industry in itself, and it is wonderful how many new varieties are being constantly advertised and recommended to the public by those nurserymen who make this a specialty. All these varieties have been produced by skill and culture from the little Wood Strawberry, which is a native both of Great Britain and America. Though much smaller in size than the cultivated fruit, the wild berry has a flavor of its own, more delicious than any other possesses. At least, so those always think who, in their childhood, have gathered and eaten it upon the hillsides, under the shadow of the old trees, among whose roots it grows.

Strawberries are often cultivated in hot-houses, in order to produce the fruit out of season; and extravagant prices are asked and paid for it at such times. They are brought also from Norfolk, and other southern parts, by sea and by rail to our Northern markets long before our own berries ripen, but are very apt to lose some of their sweetness and flavor in the transit. By most persons, the strawberry seems to be regarded as the queen of all the smaller fruits.

There is an Alpine Strawberry, a native of

Switzerland and Germany, which differs considerably from ours in its mode of growth and in its leaf. The fruit, though not very large, is produced in great quantities, and is very beautiful. When ripe, it falls from its stem at the slightest touch. Its fruit-bearing season is much longer than that of our berry.

THE YOUNG REAPER

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1886.

COLPORTEUR IN SWEDEN.

It is known to many readers of THE YOUNG REAPER that for several years the Rev. Jonas Stadling has been employed in Sweden as a Colporteur Missionary of the Baptist Publication Society. In a recent report, he gives some items that are deeply interesting. He had been holding a series of evangelistic meetings in two large provinces, where there is great destitution of religious privileges. He says:

"Spiritual death and formalism, with their attendants of ignorance, superstition, and vice, are prevailing to an alarming extent. In one place a poor family had been converted and baptized. Shortly after, they were blessed with a child, whose birth the father reported to the parson of the district, according to the requirements of the law; but the priest refused to register the birth of the child, and, instead, taking a man of his own mind with him, he went to the home of the child, when its parents were out, took it from the woman who had charge of it, and sprinkled it, without godfathers and godmothers, declaring afterwards, with satisfaction, that his conscience was now at peace after he had saved the child from hell." Poor, blinded man!

In speaking of the work in general, eleven colporteurs in all being engaged, he adds: "From different parts, where our colporteurs labored last year, cheering reports have come. In several places, many persons had been hopefully converted; and the Baptist Church at Dala-Husby doubled in number, through the labors of one of our colporteurs."

EARLE ARMSTRONG.

Under this title, Mrs. Mattie Dyer Britts has written a book that will be sure to interest young people. It brings to view some of the characters presented in a former volume, "Better than Gold," after the lapse of a few years, though this volume is not designed as a sequel. It is a good portraiture of a boy's life; one who misunderstands and is misunderstood; who needs watch-care, yet willfully refuses it; who falls into temptation, and suffers in consequence, as all do who yield to the tempter; and who has the reward of overcoming, as all will have who truly master themselves. A patient, wise, and loving sister forms one centre of interest in the book, as she gives her sympathy and help in many ways. The book is issued in very neat style, with several full page illustrations, by the American Baptist Publication Society. Price, $1.25.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Books are life-long friends, whom we come to love and know as we do our children.—*S. L. Boardman.*

The man who is fond of books, is usually a man of lofty thought, and of elevated opinions. —*Dawson.*

A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man may take counsel with all that have been wise, and good, and glorious, amongst the men that have gone before him.—*Dawson.*

A PEEP AT THE CHINESE.

R. M. WILBUR.

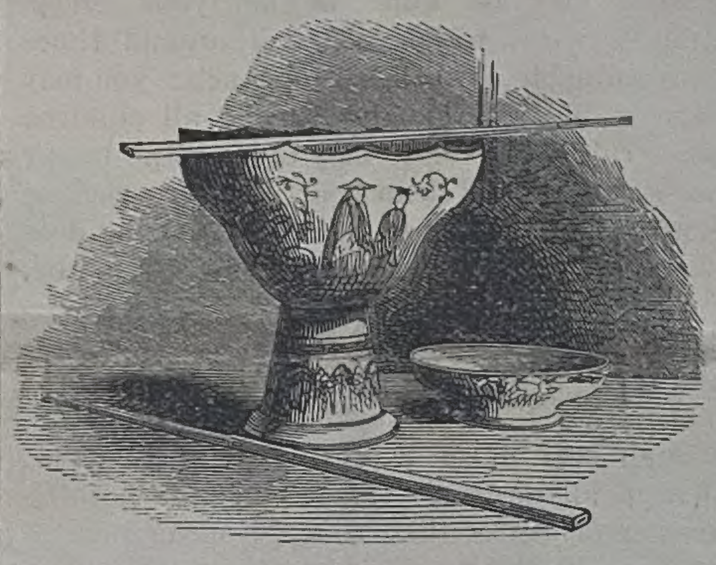
"Come, come, Dick, don't behave like a 'heathen Chinee!'" And Uncle Harry laid down his own knife and fork, and waited till the young man took his by the handle, and began to eat like a civilized lad.

"I most wish I was a 'Chinee,'" said Dick, "then I wouldn't have to use a knife and fork at all."

"Chop-sticks would be a great improvement," said Uncle Harry. "I have a pair stowed away up-stairs. May-be you'd like me to get them for you to eat with?"

"I'm afraid I'd have to take lessons," said Dick, laughing; "so I guess I'll wait till I go to China. But, please, Uncle Harry, won't you tell us something about the Chinese? What do they eat?"

"Ah," said Uncle Harry, "you've asked me a question it would be difficult to answer accurately. Their system of cooking is reduced to a fine art; and when any article has passed through the hands of a professional Chinese



cook, I would defy any one, not in the secret, to guess what it is.

"Their dishes are many of them very palatable, and are often served in choicest China of every quaint and beautiful shape conceivable. But if ever you are the guest of John Chinaman, let me advise you never to ask what a dish is, lest your relish be turned to something less agreeable.

"We Americans are not fond of dining on frogs and turtles, much as we like rice and poultry, which latter really constitute a large part of their living. Fish, too, of every kind and description, is much used by them.

"The Chinese are a wonderful people, and there is much of interest to learn about them. Their great need is the gospel, to teach them to worship God instead of their ancestors."

WHAT TRUE RELIGION DID.

A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian: "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well, and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

FOR THE

Sunday-school and Family.

THE HOSPITAL ROSE; FLORA'S COPY-BOOK.

By MRS. R. M. WILBUR. 12mo. 251 pp. Price, $1.00.

This work contains two stories for young girls; the first is a touching narrative of a little girl who was in a hospital, and was visited by a mother with the two young daughters. Their visit, and their letters, and the flowers they sent from the country, cheered her greatly, and were thus instrumental in hastening her restoration to health. At the same time, the kind sympathy and words of Christian instruction from the attending physician helped her to trust in Jesus.

The second gives an account of Flora's visit to some relatives in the country, and an account of the various items that she entered in her copy-book as proofs of the great goodness of God. It is very happily illustrative of the words of the Psalmist: "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

THE PARRAMORE CHILDREN.

By MILDRED SCARBOROUGH. 12mo. 312 pp. Price, $1.25.

The scene of this narrative is Eastern Virginia, where Mr. Parramore resided. He was a widower with four children, who, after the death of their mother, had been sadly neglected. The history opens with the coming of a young lady as governess, and continues with her efforts to train and influence them for good, and closes when the happy results have become apparent. It is a history that shows what may be hoped for, under the blessing of God, for constant, careful, firm, and loving control of even a specially wild quartette of children.

NINA BRUCE; or, a Girl's Influence.

By ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night." 12mo. 319 pp. Price, $1.25.

The scene of this narrative is laid both in Michigan and Texas. We first find Nina living on the border of Lake Michigan, with her father and mother, and two brothers. From the failure of her health, she is sent, as winter comes on, to Texas. She is accompanied by one of the brothers. The life they lived there; the acquaintances made; the Christian influence of Nina; together with the peculiarities of the country and climate and customs, so different from those on the border of Lake Michigan—are all admirably described. Not the least interesting is the wonderful discovery that Nina made in Texas.

THE BUSHKILL SOCIAL.

By REV. EDWIN MCMINN. 12mo. 320 pp. Price, $1.25.

The Bushkill Social was a club of lads that met on the border of the Bushkill Creek, Easton, Pennsylvania. They were gathered around one of riper years, a real friend of boys, and a power among them.

The work itself is a book about boys of various periods, as studied by boys of the present. Boys will find in the volume matter of vivid interest: and parents, Sunday-school teachers, and pastors can scarcely fail to be both interested and instructed by a perusal of these brief sketches of boys of many centuries and many lands.

Am. Baptist Publication Society,

1420 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA; **256** Washington St., and **14** Tremont Temple, BOSTON; **9** Murray Street, NEW YORK; **151** Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO; **1109** Olive Street, ST. LOUIS.

THE YOUNG REAPER

IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY THE

American Baptist Publication Society,

1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia;
256 Washington Street, and **14** Tremont Temple, Boston;
9 Murray Street, New York;
151 Wabash Avenue, Chicago;
1109 Olive Street, St. Louis.

B. GRIFFITH, D. D., Editor.

TERMS.

SINGLE COPIES, Semi-Monthly, 50 cents per year. In packages of FIVE COPIES AND UPWARDS, 12 cents Monthly and 24 cents Semi-Monthly, per copy for one year, with postage prepaid by the Society.

☞ **No subscription is taken or renewed until the price is first paid.**

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office, and admitted for transmission through the mails, at second-class rates.